

Rainbows & Reflections by [vanishingbyler](#)

Series: [A Very Byler Christmas \(2017\)](#) [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Future AU, M/M, Set in 1988

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike reflects on all the years he's known Will, sitting quietly in his room with nothing but Christmas lights to keep them company. He's never felt more at home.

Rainbows & Reflections

Author's Note:

I knocked this out in about 20 minutes so don't expect greatness. If you didn't read the tags, this is set in 1988 when they're 17.

Don't hold me to this, but I'm going to do my best to have a Byler oneshot up as close to everyday as I can for December.

This is 01/12/2017.

Mike smiled softly at the sight of Will, bathed in the glow of Christmas lights, sat cross-legged on the end of his bed, silently drawing. Everything in the room felt more beautiful with only festivity to light it.

It was no secret that Christmas was Will's favourite holiday; every year it was evidenced by the miniature tree that went up in the corner of his room without fail on the 1st of December. It was covered in tinsel and lights that glittered brighter than every star in the sky, but not quite as bright as Will's smile. Even during the events of a few years back when Will was at his worst with monsters attacking him left, right, and centre, he made time for Christmas celebrations. Mike found the Byers' home to be more comforting than his own this time of year.

It was tradition for Mike to spend his afternoons there, doing homework or writing stories or planning a new D&D campaign. Even when neither of them felt the need to speak to one another, he felt at home with Will. Today was no exception. Every time Mike looked up from the page filled with stories of young boys navigating their early teenage years through the perils of homework, bullies, and romance, he'd see Will hunched over a sketchbook and his heart would skip a beat.

Will was, quite simply, breathtaking. Time had changed him so much, as had experience, but even in the strong angles of his jaw

Mike could still see the softness that was there when they first met. Mike took notice of everything about Will. The way his hair, now cropped short around the sides, fluttered in front of his eyes as he worked. The way he held a pencil as if he was born with it in his hands. The way he took breaks every few minutes to stretch, raising his arms high above his head and arching his back like a cat. The way his feathery eyelashes cast shadows across his defined cheekbones. The way he smiled when he got something right, his tongue poking out between his teeth and his eyes shut. The way he breathed so softly you'd almost think he'd stopped.

Although they were 17 now, almost adults, Mike still remembered how Will looked at 5, 10, 12, 15. How different he was and yet how little had changed.

It was even clearer right here, right now, with the fairy lights casting rainbow shadows across the younger boy's ever prominent features. Mike never wanted this moment, this feeling, to end.

This was the very moment that his crush on Will Byers progressed to full on love.

Mike Wheeler was in love with Will Byers. And he wouldn't have it any other way.

Author's Note:

This absolutely wasn't inspired by my being soft and gay for my partner silently scrolling Twitter at the end of my bed at 3am with fairy lights on and music playing quietly in the background. Nothing to see here, carry on, as you were.